

Malicious Ward

I was cognicent of a lot of things. Reality, was not one of them.

You are so lucky that I am almost a fan of both.

Shambling down the street with a hook as a hand.

Now you can see the fucked up things inside of me, please.

Just remember how I used to sing.

Silently, under the bridges, while the rains became my enemy.

Love was only a farce at the time. Did you evolve to see my eyes disengage?

And now I crawl among the walls like a king-sized insect.

You don't even know the half of it! I guess I don't need your fucking respect!